

Governor Cox Had Better Let the Dead Past Bury Its Dead, Including League of Nations

Senator Harding, Republican candidate for President, has practically opened the campaign with the following statement:

"Columbus dispatches describing the conference between the Democratic nominees for President and Vice President on Monday say that 'Governor Cox left it to the Vice Presidential nominee to make known the conclusions reached.' And thus authorized to speak for both of them, the Vice Presidential nominee stated that he considered the League of Nations one of the dominant issues of the campaign, not only in the East, but in the West. He expected to make his campaign chiefly on the League of Nations issue."

After reviewing the consequences of the ratification of the League of Nations as President Wilson would have it ratified, Senator Harding concludes as follows:

"The Republican party and candidates gladly accept the challenge. We are more than willing to make the election a national referendum on the question whether we shall have four years more of Democratic readiness to surrender this Republic."

With justification in the light of recent events, the Republican leaders are so confident on the League of Nations issue that Senator Harding, doubtless under advice, eagerly seizes the first opportunity to force Governor Cox, the Democratic nominee for President, into the arena to give battle on the League issue.

The basis for Senator Harding's statement is, as he himself says, newspaper dispatches from Columbus, Ohio, and these dispatches apparently are based upon the authority of Mr. Franklin Roosevelt, the Democratic nominee for Vice President.

Thus there are two chances of error in assuming Governor Cox to be responsible for the declaration that the League of Nations is to be the paramount issue in the campaign. Newspaper dispatches are not always correct, and Mr. Franklin Roosevelt is not always correct or wise in his statements. He possesses an immature exuberance which more than once embarrassed his superiors during the war.

But the evidence is sufficiently definite and strong to require an explanation from Governor Cox and to justify American people in assuming that Senator Harding is right in accepting the newspaper dispatches of Franklin Roosevelt's statement as correct, unless Governor Cox's explanation and denial are forthcoming.

How it is possible for an intelligent American politician to believe that the Democratic nominees can win in this campaign on the League of Nations as a paramount issue, or as an issue at all, is one of the mysteries of American politics.

Almost every by-election for Congress waged on the League of Nations issue has resulted in the defeat of the Democratic candidate accepting the League, and that, too, generally in Democratic districts.

We can recall at this writing but one district in which the League was made an issue where a Democratic majority in the district was not overturned; and in that election the result was very much closer than usual in a district strongly Democratic, notwithstanding the fact that the Democratic candidate himself was very much stronger than usual.

Indeed, every intelligent citizen in that district knew that the Democratic candidate won on his war record in spite of the League of Nations, which greatly handicapped him.

Nearly every Democratic Senator north of the Mason and Dixon line voted against the President's League on account of public opinion in his district. The State of Georgia on a State-wide referendum on the question went almost two to one against the candidate supporting the League.

But worst of all, with the Democratic nominee as the champion of the League of Nations, is the fact that he must wage his fight for election in Eastern States, wherein the Democratic rank and file opposition to the League of Nations is overwhelming. If any Democratic politician thinks that the Democratic party can carry New York, New Jersey, Illinois, Connecticut, and Rhode Island, or any of these States on a Wilson League of Nations, he has lost his capacity to consider plain facts.

The American people will not support a proposal which will keep them continuously in war. There are about thirty wars now being waged in the world with the League of Nations in full operation and with a membership of twenty-nine nations. It has so utterly failed to function in the ways of peace that its author, General Smuts, the distinguished South African statesman and soldier, expresses grave doubt whether it can survive as a useful institution in the world's progress.

Lord Robert Cecil, one of England's greatest public men, whom wise men expect to be the next prime minister, is the head of the organization formed for the purpose of defending and explaining the League of Nations to the British public. Within a few days he has engaged in a public altercation with the British foreign minister charging that the League of Nations has utterly failed to prevent one of its own members, Poland, from waging one of the most unjust and imperialistic wars against Russia that have disgraced Europe this century.

No, the Democratic party cannot wage a successful fight to vindicate the last two years of President Wilson's administration. If this campaign is to be for the Democratic party a rear-guard action, Governor Cox had better say so now and start immediately to make arrangements for the funeral obsequies.

The Democratic rank and file do not require of Governor Cox any vicarious atonement for the sins of the last

(Continued in Last Column.)

BE WISE AND BEWARE



Winifred Black Advises Mother to Raise Own Baby

By Winifred Black.

THE baby is a year and a half old, as fat as butter, and it has blue eyes and brown hair like those of its mother. It is a little girl, and a little creature where its head is joined to the neck, and nobody can help wanting to kiss that baby—not when the baby has on its best white frock and blue scallops and blue bowties and has a perfectly ridiculous ribbon bow of blue tied right around its hair—no nobody!

And she's clever, oh, awfully clever!—that baby. She says "Da-da" she sees her father and "Ma-ma" when she sees her mother, and when she wants to go riding she scuttles over to the place where her little hood is and waves her pudgy hands and knits her eyebrows and makes a speech about it—only nobody can understand what she says, and nobody has to—because everybody knows.

And baby's mother is just about crazy. She loves the baby so she doesn't know what to do, and her husband loves her and the baby, and you'd think they'd be perfectly happy.

They would, too, if people would let them alone and stop giving them advice about that baby.

But the people won't. Mother has her say, and all the aunts have theirs, and the cousins approve of this, and disapprove of that, and all the in-laws come over and tell her what never, never to do for her own baby, unless she just wants to see it pine away and die, right before her eyes.

Grandma wants to give the baby a bit of bacon rind to chew—she says it will develop the digestion. Aunt Kate believes in three hours' nap in the afternoon, and two hours in the morning, and not going to bed till 10 o'clock at night.

THE ADVICE VARIES. Aunt Mary says the new fangled idea of putting a child to sleep in a crib by itself is all wrong. Babies ought to sleep with their mothers—that's all there is to it.

Uncle Harry declares that any woman who won't feed her baby every time the baby cries is a heartless monster.

And Cousin Mary says that the one way to spoil a baby is to pay attention to it every time it lifts its eyebrows.

Baby's mother has written to me about it. She says she's about distracted.

She took her baby to the nearest baby experts and got some expert advice and the baby appeared to be doing perfectly well under the

advice—but none of the relations believe in experts, and they have made fun of the little mother and laughed at her and nagged her about it until she doesn't know whether she's on her head or her feet, and doesn't care so very much. What shall she do about it? Well, now, I'll tell you, little mother. Spring is here, and the dandelions will soon be all over the place, like so many gold medals, for honorable conduct on the field of battle, and the meadow larks will be sitting on the telegraph wires, calling at the top of their voices. "Gee, what a peach of a day!" And the bobolinks will swing and play chut-the-chutes on the awning tips of wild bushes along the roadside, and the violets will be blue at the foot of the old oak tree. Why don't you and husband and the baby hurry up

and get out into the country before summer gets here?

You need it, and husband needs it and baby needs it, and while you're going, get just as far away from the relatives and the in-laws and the advisers as you can.

You and your husband and your baby will be all right when you get away by yourselves. Get away, as fast as you can.

A SIMPLE SOLUTION.

If you can't go to the country, go somewhere else—to another part of town. Don't say why, but just go, and if they all come tramping to visit you anyhow, smile and smile. They won't come very long, if you move far enough; and when they begin to advise you about that baby, be awfully sweet and grateful and advise them, oh, so nicely, about some of their own affairs. Don't let

them see what you mean by it—just turn the tables on them, that's all; and if they have any sense of humor or any sense of justice at all, they'll laugh and let you alone.

And then you and husband and baby can have—the nicest time in all the world, and make your own mistakes and learn your own lessons and quarrel about them, and make up again, and be natural and simple and real—as you were intended to be when you were born. And that, it seems to me, will be rather nice.

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BRITISH TO RESTORE GAY UNIFORM

By Robert J. Prew,

Universal Staff Correspondent.

LONDON, June 16.—The gay days of the red-coats are returning. Whitehall, the Strand, and the parks are again to be splashed with the red, blue, green and tartan of the British army pre-war uniform.

Today khaki is still the military hue seen on the streets of London, the only color notes being found in the brilliant uniforms of the Life Guardsmen keeping mounted guard at the portals of the war office and in the old-time skirted costume of the Beefeaters at the Tower of London.

Small wonder that Winston Churchill, the war minister, finds it difficult to fill the much-thinned ranks of the British regular army, or to arouse any popular enthusiasm for the revived territorial army. It was always the winning attraction of the vivid army uniforms that enabled color sergeants to hand the Kings shilling (the symbolical acceptance of service with the colors) to steady streams of recruits.

Khaki "won the war" and will be retained as the working dress of the British army, but rainbow uniforms have again to be restored to win men to the ranks. There will be greater simplicity than in pre-war days, but the traditional regimental distinctions are to reappear; historic flashes and badges, variegated kilts and stockings, plumes and feathers, each a badge of honor won for the regiment in a battle great or small. A beginning is to be made at once with the Household Troops. The Brigade of Guards are reintroducing their pre-war red coats for full-dress parades and walking out, and corps and regiments of the line will quickly follow.

Riflemen return to Lincoln green with black equipment; the Royal Horse Artillery get back to their sober uniform of blue, with broad red stripes, and the sapper to his red tunic with blue facings, which is the descendant of the coat made for his ancestor who invented sapping and mining and saved Gibraltar from the Spaniards.

With the little brown man to the South of us, in the Philippines and now in California and Japan, indulging in the general racket, it looks as though some of us may leave off seeing red for awhile.

Thieves at Connelville, Pa., stole a smallpox hospital. Arrest is believed futile, as they would in all probability break out.

—WILLIAM M. CONRAD.

THE CROW'S NEST

The rocket trip to the moon has been postponed for a month, but no matter when it fired, those who go along will surely feel perfectly at home with Mother Luna, if they by chance happen to arrive at their destination.

Cy Cummings avers that he never bets, but in an enthusiastic moment at the White House admits he has a "few thousand" to back up his opinion as to what Maryland thinks of Cox, all of which puts borrowing friends of Cy on notice that he is not awaiting without.

"TEACHER'S WRONG, ED, ABOUT THERE BEIN' FOUR SEASONS—IT'S JES JULY, AUGUST—AND WINTER."

Score one for Sir Tom Lipton's "Irish."

Major Ferdinand Schroeder is used to flying higher than the War Department can afford to allow him, and as he looks out over a captain's bars, the army uses another one of its "real" words.

To the long list of those who have kept us out of something, are added the District delegates to the Farmers' Labor party, who kept the platform dry.

Sympathizing with the \$10,000 suffrage fund for Tennessee and desiring to do all he can to spread the light, Senator Phelan sends \$1,000 more, as the rest of the country awaits the flying of the fur.

Out in the Jackson Hole country, we are informed that the petticoats are blowing up the gulches in the most businesslike sort of way, and that all the bandits are either evicted, bank presidents, or trying to come to Congress, which proves to be a lot of us that woman always could reform the heathen if she went at him right.

She took her baby to the nearest baby experts and got some expert advice and the baby appeared to be doing perfectly well under the

As we hear that a ninety-nine-year-old Baltimore woman has been arrested as a runaway from home, it would seem to us as though a person of such mature years should be safe from the law, but we guess some cops were simply born to go after extremes.

Now come the German coal miners of the Ruhr giving the hook to the agreements of their diplomats, as again the world is reminded that Teutonic signatures are only affixed to scraps of paper.

Memories of Count Perreard and his paper-battle, may they never grow dim.

After Resolute had her sails awing like gates and Shamrock IV managed to finish after the runaway, what a satisfaction it is to hear a real sportsman say it's "not Tom Lipton's way."

From the latest trail of a love mad chauffeur it would seem that more than one of 'em has now and then a Robin Hood sort of existence.

Perley Parker Christensen, Presidential nominee of the Farmers-Labor party, being given a different Christian name by each press association, must feel as though somebody is trying to put him in the alias class.

With the little brown man to the South of us, in the Philippines and now in California and Japan, indulging in the general racket, it looks as though some of us may leave off seeing red for awhile.

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—WILLIAM M. CONRAD.

HEARD AND SEEN

By BILL PRICE.

They Say the Column Is All Right

With virtual unanimity, the contributors to and readers of Heard and Seen are satisfied with the way it's conducted. Given the opportunity to say how they would run the column if they were in charge of it, the fans loyally stand by the mixture of fact, clean fun, wit, pep, problems, puns, conundrums, etc. They speak for themselves:

From MAXWELL PEARSON, Berwyn, Md.—The column is O. K. as it is, except that it should cover half of one page each day instead of only two columns.

From FRED VETTER—As I see it, the reading public, plus Bill, plus Bill's waste basket, will continue to handle the situation quite satisfactorily. As for us not writers, all we care is to see our names in print. If each one of us had his way H. and S. would be a strictly one-man column.

From CHARLES SCHENKEN—The column belongs to us, we, the people. You may censor, blue pencil and reject, but don't meddle with the present system. Let it continue to be the most popular, democratic, cosmopolitan feature of any newspaper. Your column is like the old-time family gatherings, where every member is trying to entertain in his own way, and everybody is enjoying himself. Nobody takes offense at our shirt-sleeve, back-yard frolics.

From C. J. MENASCIO—If you ever attempt to run the column in accordance with the advice you will get, all low me to advance you a large hunk of s-y-m-p-a-t-h-y, for you will need it. One that old H. C. L. has not gotten his hook onto is this commodity known as "advice," which is gratuitously and promiscuously hurled at us from every known quarter and a running true to form who, when remonstrated with about licking the cat, replied that "everybody's tastes differ."

From G. H. MCCARTHY—I suggest that H. and S. be left as it has always been. The greater the variety of subjects the better. The mathematical problems should be kept as they are, among the most interesting subjects treated. If more space could be had it would be pleasing to many of the fans.

From J. P. SIMPSON, Kenilworth—If you eliminate puzzles and problems, why not eliminate Heard and Seen?

From ELLEN D. M. Alexandria, Va.—Put in the column that which pleases the greatest number of readers, just as you have been doing.

From HARRY M. COHEN—Sorry I can't offer any suggestions for the improvement of Heard and Seen, as it can't be done.

From BETTY M.—Give more space to Heard and Seen, as we all enjoy it.

From LEON GORDON—Why not add another column to Heard and Seen? The clothes are getting too small for it.

HE IS CONSERVATIVE. Regarding that epithet by H. F. SMITH, which wound up with "Prepare for death and follow me," I wish to add:

Wherever you are I wish you well. If up in heaven or down in hell, but to follow you I'll not consent. Until I know which way you went. JOE FRAT.

SOUNDS NATURAL ANYHOW. The baseball player rapped a sharp hit to the outfield, dropped his bat, and started to first base. His wife, viewing the game for the first time, called out: "Jim, come back here and put that bat where you found it." JOHN H. D.

Gossip among us H. and S.-ites is that you, Bill, use profanity in asserting particularly foolish batches of H. and S. stuff. That's naughty, if true. F. VETTER.

STYLES IN THE ARK DAYS. Now skirts and stockings, waists and such. Are things no part of the Ark today. But speaking in a friendly spirit, and softly so no man may hear it. That horse "short" upon the Ark. Skirts never reached below the knees. When shopping missus "shook" W. C. C.

A CLEAN-UP CAMPAIGN. Mrs. Jane J. P., signing herself "Sunshine Jane," recommends that Heard and Seen folks, who she says are the "liveliest people in Washington," take the lead in a clean-up campaign running district. The streets look shabbier, she says, than ever known to her. Paper and trash blow everywhere, and something should be done to start a general clean up.

BRYAN thinks the Democratic platform isn't dry enough. Let him read it. It's dusty. E. M. SULLIVAN.

Have you read the new book, "Slave Drivers of the Census," written by the card punchers of the bureau? "Four million running district" is the title of the first chapter. SELO.

A good many cake-eaters are going down to Colonial Beach but I haven't seen any of them pickled. That's because they are too broke to buy any pickling fluid. A. B. C.

JUST ANSWER THESE. Why does it always rain when you go out in your new paragon suit? Why, in the name of H. and S. and all other nut institutions, does a fellow happen to be walking near a mud puddle just as a big truck comes along and spatters his new suit with mud?

IT MADE SOME DIFFERENCE. Customer to manager—"I would like to see some diamonds." Manager—"What is your occupation?" Customer—"I'm a plumber."

Manager—"Henry, let this gentleman have a diamond ring about a few minutes later."

Young man—"I would like to buy a wedding ring."

Manager—"What's your occupation?" Young man—"I—I—I'm an office clerk."

Manager—"I'm sorry, but we can't give credit without references. Bring one from your bank."

A CLERK. E. M. SULLIVAN pens his belief that Hamburg steak and boarding-house hash made up about equal varieties of unguaranteed materials.

MR. SULLIVAN has received a letter from a friend in Siberia stating that a newspaper could be purchased there only by permit.

WANTS 'EM NAMED. Will somebody give me the right name to the good-looking bunch of boys who hang around Seventeenth street and Park road? I hate to call them cake-eaters. Q. W. K.

RED-HEADED VAMPS. On the subject of vamps, we have been warned against red-headed beauties. Now is it true that the red-headed baby doll is any worse in breaking male hearts than the other kind? TEDDY AND B. V. D.

HAS A FAMILIAR RING. They say you heard up about. Can yours beat time to mine? If so we'll take our honeymoon in good old summer time. LEAP-YEAR GIRL.

CLOSING THE EYES IN PRAYER. We close our eyes when praying to concentrate our minds on God and Him alone, for if one leaves his eyes open while praying, he will most likely be distracted by something that he sees about him and likewise forget to pray entirely. EDWARD J. DUVALL.

GOVERNOR COX HAD BETTER LET THE DEAD PAST BURY ITS DEAD.

(Continued from First Column.)

two years. He cannot avoid having some of the burdens of the last two years of President Wilson's administration thrust upon him by his enemies. If he has good sense, he will not assume any of them, but he will face forward, letting the dead past bury its dead, including the League of Nations.